

Reality

Consciousness has Many Octaves
and All Together Produce Reality

JULY
1938



A Pelley Publication



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The LIBERATION DOCTRINE is not a cult

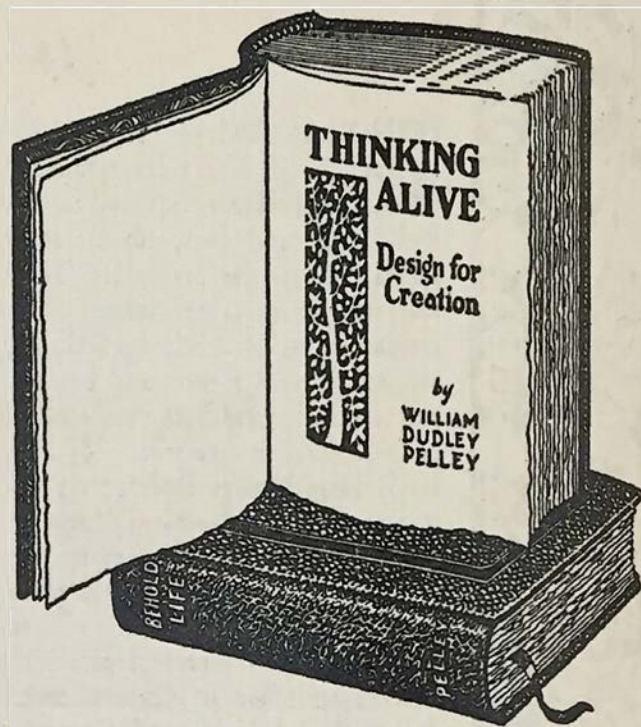


THOUSANDS of people over the past decade have heard vaguely of The Liberation Doctrine and wondered what it was, and what it expected to accomplish in a world overtaxed with creeds and sects, esoteric societies and metaphysical movements. ¶ In the first place, The Liberation Doctrine is not a cult, neither is it a new system of metaphysics, or source of Rosacrucianism or of occult research. ¶ The Liberation Doctrine is nothing beyond a sane and beautiful philosophy of life for the calm and practical living of it on a basis of understanding what the marvel of it comprises. ¶ It began in 1929 when an article by William Dudley Pelley, then residing in Altadena, California, appeared in *The American Magazine* entitled "My Seven Minutes in Eternity." Mr. Pelley had undergone an extraordinary spiritual experience, finding that it was possible to vacate his body in the night without death resulting. Immediately he became aware that he had acquired abnormal psychical gifts, among them the little-understood talent of Clairaudience. ¶ In the eight years that have followed, he proceeded to record a stupendous series of subliminal papers on the fundamentals of Cosmos that baffled the most astute critics and opened up a line of sacred research making the whole miracle of creation as simple as it is profound and rational. ¶ But he steadfastly refused to start any new religion on the strength of them, or capitalize them to his worldly profit or renown, or organize his findings so that any society promoted them. He believed Truth to be the private pursuit of the individual soul capable of undertaking it and secretly profiting from it. For this reason no hysterical mass meetings concerning the Liberation Findings have been held, no crowds have been opportuned to undertake mysterious rituals, no Select Masters for humanity have been promised excepting the Colossal Personage of the Elder Brother who is herein revealed in a new, refreshing and startling version. ¶ The Liberation Recordings, on the contrary, are for a small and select audience of spiritually discriminating people who believe in pursuing the Great Secrets of Cosmos privately and valiantly, and accepting such recommendations as they may be ready for, in their normal spiritual evolution. They are presented as exquisitely as the printing art can devise, and any resource deriving from their circulation is turned back into the work of extending a wider knowledge of them to those who would be interested if they but had the nature of them brought to their attention. ¶ That is the whole story connected with this Teaching. "He that hath ears to hear, LET HIM HEAR!"

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THE PRAYER OF THE FAITHFUL IS THE CRY: "I HAVE LIVED!"

¶ Who are these leaders who plow trackless seas, locate far continents, build cities with minarets, organize States, or set armies of workers at Life's looms?

¶ I will tell you who they are. They are persons like ourselves, who feel the same hungers, fear the same terrors, hope the same witcheries, know the same ecstasies at Love's kisses on their lips.

¶ Once long ago they came down our hillsides in summer morns of birth. They saw the same argosies sail-clouds of youth's Augusts. Maturity beckoned. Sweet qualms of courage lured them. They lifted their latches into closets of suffering. Blood-red sunsets or moons above blue waters recalled phantoms of Yesterdays when their souls wore other bodies.

¶ Yet this is the alchemy that ever transmutes them from ores of commonplaces to silvers of ennoblements: They have kept their trysts with Change as a lover woos his mistress. They have leaped the high arc across debacles of bitterness. They have looked upon Circumstance and known that they must conquer it, but the conquering has been Action. They have dared to be positive!

¶ Such have been their accolades for cavalcades of splendors. They have feared no forked panic at beholding fresh horizons. Always their battlecry of Life has been: "I will do the thing for the sake of the doing! Does it weight me with barbed memories? Pray, why should I coffer them? I refuse to be stricken by blades of bereavements. Here I am today; tomorrow I will be elsewhere. But Here and Elsewhere are all of one essence. I live in that neighborhood that is composed within myself. I am my own world, and I transport it with me!"



¶ Most of us live in holes of sweet darkness. We want the old familiar angles of dooryard fencings to serve as vistas for our casements. The lightning splits yon pasture's maple; we hold a fresh funeral in our hearts that something well-known has been wrenched from companionship. A friend grips our hand over ordeal's hot desert. It is shackle to security. We say that we glory in our friendships and wish them thick around us. We truly mean that we are timid. We want the bulwarks of their solaces to shield us from Life's shipwrecks.

¶ Truly we are fearful of splurging in decidings. We want to think the tried and proven, to wander in one valley, to be the one footprint on the moist soils of sentiment, to wave the one banner, to grow up with old gravestones.

¶ Life says with laughter: "Step out with bedlam! Dare to be many heroes within the one Odyssey. Nevermind the sweetbrier that scented the morning, but stalk with high mettle to burning ghats of sunsets." Such is true knighthood. Such is the whetstone that gives sentiment its scythe-edge.

¶ To be clean-minded is not to refrain from Lust's allures in secret, but to make sharp decisions, dare to cross Rubicons. Steep banks mean strong currents.

¶ A modern sage has said: "If you want a thing done, ask a busy man to do it." But observe the busy man and assay him in his essence. His mind is a scimitar. He does not muddy the waters of new projects with regrets dragged up from vaults of vanished heart-hopes. He sculpts his sequences. He never fears a door in that he sees it open. He stalks from role to role, challenging confusions in that conciseness lays them. Only the slothful are cluttered with harassments. The busy man accomplishes because he puts a grave at the end of each dead sunset.

¶ How then is Life lustreless excepting as we murk it? Does the Bright Prospect beckon? Does it lure us with gratitudes? Would we ride the high-pinioned steed of Chance, break lances in mad prankings? How know we that they are prankings? How may we say that they are not brevets unless we break cleanly with meanderings and dare to be vertical for adversity's challengings?

¶ So then, to our outlook! Shall we live this day in a year or a moment? Have we the courage to think in capsules? Have we the valor to be busy but never too busy to be busier still?

¶ The secret is courage—which is grace under pressure, love amidst tumult, longings that are ambushed in strong-molded seizures, brains without cobwebs spun from old fabrics!

¶ The prayer of the God-like is to cry: "I have LIVED!"



WHITE LOTUS

A Rubaiyat of Karma

The Lotus is the only flower in nature that will not
let itself be crossed with any other blossom



W E love afresh, my sweet,
'mid aeons old,
To thrill to hallowed long-
ings of embrace;
The roulette-wheel of life
its luck hath sold,
Yet on the checkered board of chance
I win . . . thy face!

II

My dear! My dear! That I shouldst
know thine eyes
Brimmed with rich fount of tears no
man hath kissed!
They flood the birth-springs of all hopes
I prize,
And lave all shores of friendly loneli-
ness—like mist!

III

Blue nights are sent for Love; thick-
scented dark
Would mantle sainthood's sins, the
best and worst;
Yet blunted arrows pierce what golden
mark?
What hurt is balmed with Joy, if in the
joying, cursed?

IV

Our cleanest hopes are in the hoping
cursed,
All ancients live their age in youths to
come;

Thy singer hath his sweeter sorrow
nursed,
And while his song is strong, is in its
singing—dumb!

V

Life's sweetest singers have their
dumbness nursed;
Our loves of Time were old when Time
was born,
Your heart, which now is last, was
cosmic first,
The lives that Love blessed not, were
in their coming, gone!

VI

I knew I loved thee first. Now thou art
last,
Yet Sunset cometh swifter than life's
dawn;
Hope's hour-glass of love drops grains
too fast!
And Death—that seeks Love's end—
is in its dying, born!

VII

The joy that costs most dear is
soonest gone;
Old wounds hurt most when strife hath
ceased to be.
Black slaughter seemeth horrible for
dawn;
No eyes worse blinded are, than by
their blinding, see!

VIII

I have thee as Fate's idol in mine
heart!
I sing thee as Love's sonnet in my
brain!
Could passion's sculptor mold with
subtler art,
Though clay, and hand, and hope, and
art, be one with Pain?

IX

What soul but asketh Strife for olive
wreath?
What heart but beggeth Life for kiss in
time?
The dearest songs are sung old roofs
beneath!
I would that dearer wreath, and kiss,
and song were mine!

X

And yet, what wreath is laid till race
be won?
What kiss is golden till our souls'
release?
Much ribald mischief hath a mad song
done!
To race, and love, and sing!—pray
what price, Peace?

XI

Man loveth! In his loving cometh
hours
When logic showeth Urge as breath-
blown chaff;
The wheat of life he soweth for his
dowers
Is milled at all those trysts that taught
him how to laugh!

XII

Yet laugh I not at jests made red with
weep;
My subtler self hath given me my cue.
Once we were One. I strayed upon a
sleep:
I lived a Breathless Trance. It stirred!
. . . and gave me You!

XIII

Where hast thou loitered, sweet, these
sterile spans,
That I have faced thee not till yearn
be gray?

Hear whilst I paint thee of the cross
that stands
Between us and that burn of nobler
out-starred Day!

XIV

A lad came o'er the hills in search of
life:
The Gods of Life had maddened life
again;
'Twixt mosque and brothel, sixpence
for a wife!
Desire is born to man, but unto Woman,
Men!

XV

Desire is born to man, and unto men
Each hungered heart its banquet-night
must know.
I spin my sixpence for all fasting
when
A man be dwarfed by fasting, yet—
by fasting, grow!

XVI

An organ and a march! a book!
a ring!
"With all my worldly goods I thee
endow!"
A blush upon the cheek! . . . poor
trembling thing! . . .
Is thus the world turned Paradise,
enow?

XVII

The Thief of Dreams his fretful
bludgeon yields,
I have my soul to shrive that thirst be
lust;
Each harlot's ghost a fairer phantom
shields!
That dust shouldst make such stars!—
such stars, such dust!

XVIII

To seek and not to find! . . . 'tis better
far
Than seeking, finding, if the prize be
bruised;
And yet the bruises finer, better, are
Than siezing madly what some
prompter man hath used.

XIX

Why pay ten talents for yon loving
 drag?
 The Mart of Life is priced to fit each
 purse;
 Its slaves are dark or fair, both maid
 and hag;
 Young flesh for bed? Ah well, my
 sweet, Youth could do worse!

XX

A fire-gem on a ring, a bit of jade,
 A glove, a bow, a rusted wisp of hair:
 Can these to leap the Pit a soul
 persuade? . . .
 Old loves to shirk, nor in the shirking,
 care?

XXI

Man's heart, to grasp release, his soul
 betrays,
 Each moment wings its little freight of
 joy;
 Where wings the vaster, sweeter note
 that stays,
 Or in what greater, stronger chorus
 finds secure employ?

XXII

And yet, far skies that sweeter note
 must find,
 Far up some nobler, more transcendent
 hour;
 Since in this cloying muck of mortal
 mind
 Love's hunger blossoms still, a fragile
 pure white flower.

XXIII

Upon the leaves of all earth's unclean
 books,
 What fool would search, lost angel
 names to find?
 But rather in Great Karma's tome one
 looks,
 To call a sweeter, dearer Whisper to
 the mind!

XXIV

I asked for peace, my sweet, a choicer
 love,
 A calm that swathed me in its fall, like
 dew,

A vision that might fright as Jordan's
 Dove,
 Yet let me kiss sad eyes and pledge
 faith's troth anew!

XXV

Since when did gray dawn's lust the
 noon endure?
 Since when did ribald arms one's
 conscience keep?
 What treasures have all rusted locks
 made sure?
 Could these that lovelier phantom
 screen, I raised through Sleep?

XXVI

Far up the years, the Gods of Little
 Things
 Will have their recompense, in
 mountains paid!
 It is the subtler scar which keenest
 stings!
 They are the elfin ghosts, no man's
 bombast hath laid.

XXVII

Come! dwell within this heart and
 shrive its Cross!
 Probe in this soul, nor waft a kiss for
 wage!
 The heart the heavier is, by heavier
 loss,
 The soul grows younger 'neath the
 alchemy of age!

XXVIII

I would, my sweet, that I might sing to
 thee,
 All vaguer sonnets jesting from a
 star,
 Or like sweet scents from wishes
 blowing free
 Rebuke lewd incense from our madder
 lives that are!

XXIX

I ask thee, new, a priceless, priceless
 boon:
 To seize the Rose of Faith that scents
 thine heart.
 Why pout to leave thy cell of clay thus
 soon?
 Do we not end as One, and yet—in
 ending—start?

XXX

I bring the spoils from many lives to
 thee,
 And ask thee in thy princesshood to
 choose;
 Shouldst last eve's lover make thy
 soul-eyes see?
 And I, for winning spoils, gain only
 what I lose?

XXXI

We work, we fret, we weep, we joy
 apace,
 The cycles of the star-worlds run their
 years,
 Yet some would bend them to a nobler
 race,
 And gauge each chasm's depth as each
 new height appears.

XXXII

Have we not dared all bowers green and
 old,
 And Circe's fountains where Youth's
 moonbeams played?
 Then why not romp in futures, misty-
 gold,
 And thrill to debts of Old Aspirings,
 freshly paid?

XXXIII

How throbs new pain upon thine
 ageless throat?
 Where garrotings of faiths have etched
 their brands?
 On what sad conquerings of the Past
 we gloat,
 That mists of old abidings hide new
 outstretched hands?

XXXIV

White slender hands I've loved through
 Karma's Night!
 Are they so cold in Karma's Trysts-
 to-be?
 Should they seem haggard in this smile
 of light?
 When in all garden-glens of Thought
 thou hast been Me?

XXXV

The nimbus from a star, a thrush's
 song,

Soft sunlight down deep glens, the
 mist from rain:
 All tender weddings, these!—to which
 belong
 Love's frailer notes within earth's
 carillon of pain.

XXXVI

One spake of love and smiled me to her
 cot;
 Red incense would she light before
 THY shrine;
 She cajoled me a kiss with sorrow
 bought,
 Are such Love's Alpha and Omega,
 Lotus-mine?

XXXVII

Came one who qualmed at Love's
 clean power
 To scale Golgotha's steep and win its
 cross;
 I sought her threshold in heart's
 maddened hour,
 Behold! a stranger's laughter kept THY
 tryst from loss!

XXXVIII

Above all tumults of wide worlds in
 arms,
 A whisper staunch wafts up the eager
 air:
 Most loves of men are merely Fate's
 alarms!
 The gods have armor bright for Those
 Who Do Not Care!

XXXIX

One begged the buy of fifty amber
 beads,
 Strung on a hair, to make her beauty
 more;
 Why answered I such urge as Venus
 breeds
 Since Venus—being nude!—the
 cleaner beauty wore?

XL

I heard a Song at Sunset witch the
 mind,
 A lullaby whose callings etched the
 heart:
 Alas! the bang of kettles was more
 kind

Than creakings of her mental joints, in
accents tart!

XLI

Were such Romance—of which mad
minstrels sing?
That biddeth Man crash worlds with
sinews sore?
Far better that the asp of hate should
sting
And ribald laughter lift, when he hath
closed the door.

XLII

A friend of Kismet's love had I, in
youth's bright strife,
And on our iron bond I set my store.
My boon companion wed his soul a
wife,
And now my friend of other days is
friend no more!

XLIII

Twice blessed is he, to whom no loves
are given
Than Zeus's daughter one, or Circe's
child;
When Mind would choose to bed, that's
too much heaven,
When flesh wouldst sleep with Mind,
that's Mind beguiled!

XLIV

For flesh is ever at its strife with brain;
Who marries brain to clay, the gods
indict;
Intelligence and lust are ever twain;
Man's mind is wed to Day! the knave
would rape the Night!

XLV

Once on a bridal eve I came to thee,
And clasped thee in these arms and
loved thee most;
A cherished phantom came, and we
were three!
Was ever bridal chamber lacking for
its ghost?

XLVI

No saws I sharp with thee, that we be
two
And thou our love wouldst brand, to
keep it thine;

Thine eyes have charge to make me
serf anew,
As men in bottles old, do oftentimes pour
new wine.

XLVII

Perchance in some far cavern, blue
with sleep,
Where all our little unborn wishes
wait,
A fragment-tear of memory we shall
weep,
And weeping, bring the loves of ageless
pact to mate.

XLVIII

Thy tender heart is rent by strange
alarms!
From folly's tiny shopdoors turn thy
feet!
Thy tragedies are built on vanished
harms!
That which is truly ours, we cannot
lose, my sweet!

XLIX

Someday, when all life's tumults have
been stilled,
We'll plant a vine for lesser loves
forgot,
Who even in their littleness have
spilled
The faithful tear at blades of fortune
that fell not.

L

He jests at scars who never felt a
wound,
He games at life who never fought its
sneers.
What profiteth the ear that hath been
tuned
To tavern songs, to hear the Music of
the Spheres?

LI

So, by such chords of unsung notes we
speak,
And all Known Things are uttered by
your glance,
And trust is worn like sunlight on a
a peak,
And velvet silence doth our dearer
speech enhance.

LII

Say not, "We meet too late!" God's
dice are thrown!
One doth not harvest golden wheat in
spring;
The rose that loveth best is fullest
blown,
The skylark's song is held till he is on
the wing!

LIII

Pray what care I for lovers, two or
ten,
And which of them were skilled, and
which were bores?
Mine heart was hurt to see thee sought
of men
Who thought to gain their heavens by
crawling on all fours!

LIV

Upon the 'cello of my heart and pen
High Fingers move to play Earth
wondrous chords,
But artist-fingers are not thrilled for
men;
The muse for Woman's ear is carried
straight to God's!

LV

Our candle burns, my sweet; its wax
runs thin,
And like the wine of life, drips fast
away;
But Winged Future holds no Might-
Have-Been!
Our love ensouls—each span—in still
more lambent Day.

LVI

Upon the Potter's Wheel of Life God
turns
Both earthy crock and fragile cloisonne.
Sigh not that heavenly wines should
dye such urns,
But that life's Holy Grails should know
such dregs and whey!

LVII

Our span is bleak, my sweet, for love
that grows
Beyond the graspings of our weakling
reach;

Our hearts are faint, My Own, for
troth that sows
Beyond these callow phrasings of such
sterile speech.

LVIII

We seek some stauncher, dearer,
whiter thing
That no man's breath nor bed hath yet
defiled;
Some faith and tryst that maketh souls
to cling
To dreams of Galaxies Unfired—as
might a child.

LIX

The poet — as the peasant — toileth
base
To make earth's bars in Paradise
repay.
Yet Paradise, alas! must mean thy
face
When minstrelsy and minarets have
known decay.

LX

The voices of our visions, psalms
repeat,
To still the clamor of our frights
within;
And yet . . . thy troth hath reached my
soul more sweet
Than golden sobbings from some
vesper violin.

LXI

Life's high priests in these temples of
the soul
May fire their pylons to the gods of
wrath:
Heart's wine may spill as from a
shattered bowl . . .
What joy hath slaughtered lamb in
slaughter's aftermath?

LXII

So do I hide from thee the grisly
pain
When knives of sacrifice my soul would
gash:
I bring to show thee, dragons I have
slain! . . .
How well I know that all of such are—
Cosmic Trash!

LXIII

There is a sweeter winning, up the
stars,
When Ecstasy Unsouled shall fade
the sun:
This clay that for the cycle, union bars,
Shall drop its sighs and show the throb
of us as One.

LXIV

I vault my troth to one of ripened
brain,
Who in the Scales of Logic weighs
romance;
Though rivals knock for heart's-ease
from life's rain
Her door admitting Pity denies what
logic grants!

LXV

Who weds tomorrow, lo! is free today!
Why pluck lean fruits of discords on
love's tree?
When green-eyed monsters stalk the
soul's highway,
Who would a-hunting go, for prey no
eye may see?

LXVI

In agony of love, Man watcheth dawn
Creep o'er the casements edge, off
bridal hall:
Each sweet embrace of darkness
mocketh morn;
He looketh! Lo, . . . her face is turned
toward the wall!

LXVII

Could such then be, my sweet, 'twixt
thee and me,
Where moonglade blue is mystic on
mine arm?
We love in chambers where the stars
are free—
Though Passion's claws are sharp where
Vice could wreak no harm.

LXVIII

This then, our amour is: that we
shouldst rise
Above the octave of a hot world's
pelf:

And giving cheek to mine, ease ache
that cries:
"Dear Heart! Thou art the birthed
Reflection of Myself!"

LXIX

Wouldst I unmask thee, sweet?
Ah well!
What motes are plucked from the eye
with gloves?
Must one, to know that fire doth scar,
dare hell?
Man understands all Woman but—the
She he loves!

LXX

I love thee now for kisses thou hast
blown
Across these beer-mugs at earth's meal
of care!
How well the God of Golden Hopes
hath known
To promise pounds, yet grudge the
pence abandoned there!

LXXI

So let our fond Tomorrows run their
course . . .
We borrow them as Conscience maketh
bold:
No sage would sieze the clouds of June
by force;
Or warm the breath of Death when
graves and Junes are old.

LXXII

I speak to thee as from an ancient
book,
Wherein are writ all Wise Things ever
said,
For Circe still doth lure Love with
a look,
And better men than I, have seen
Medusa's Head.

LXXIII

I sing our pact as from an ageless lore,
As life-wine drains, and candles plague
the head.
Our flame is gone! Thy wineglass
strieth floor!
Thou sayest nothing, sweet? . . . I know!
what CAN be said?



WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS MOST IS A CLINIC FOR SOULS



THE MAN or woman of of analytical turn of mind, who deliberately gives thought to human existence in its basic aspects, is certain to acquire a perturbing conviction. Sooner or later he or she finds it necessary to decide that nine-tenths of people are hideously unhappy. Happiness as an earthly condition must be something of a paradox. The only contented people seem to be those without ambitions, goods, or imaginations.

The item of what to do about it—assuming that something should be done about it—has given the world its religionists, philosophers, poets, and sociologists.

The conclusion that there is not much that can be done about it, has likewise made its contribution to human thought: in that it has given the world its cynics, ascetics, suicides, and chinless persons of the masculine gender who toot dolefully on saxaphones at two in the morning.

The old saying that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world" is true only to a limited degree. It isn't all kinds of people that it takes to make a world but all kinds of griefs, frustrations, thwarted hopes, and maladjusted egos.

People are all alike. It is the variety of plights into which they work themselves, or land inadvertently, that makes Peter different from Paul, or Lizzie dif-

ferent from Susie, with all four of them certain that never in the history of the race was man or woman born whose lack of true happiness exceeded their own.

Such being human life as we commonly find it, it should be both engaging and profitable to look levelly at this question of human happiness—or what passes for it—and perceive what gives the race this promiscuous social malady.

¶ Why is it that nine-tenths of the human species are viciously at war with life?

What constitutes Happiness, anyhow, that persons in such numbers are forever on the quest for it?

Why should not human spirits have been inducted into this earthly arena for a Sojourn in Enjoyment instead of one perpetual Sojourn in Ordeal where too often ecstasy is attainable only at a cost in social lesion?



CCOST the first man you meet on the street and ask him: "Are you happy?" If sobeit he answers you before wondering what right you have to ask it, he will answer: "Of course not!" Get into his confidence, press him for details, and you will uniformly discover that he has ideals and aspirations beyond his present powers to gratify. He may want a new car, a new job, a new wife. He may merely aspire to an

existence where cars, jobs, and wives are distinguished by their absence. He may cherish secret designs to be a statesman, a preacher, or an author—or, finding himself a statesman, preacher, or author, he may the more satisfactorily desire himself in the role of dog-catcher, bill poster, or fuller brushman—so that he can call on all the outstanding housewives and discuss, let's say, the politics of Europe.

The superficial observer might conclude that Happiness consists in forever being the thing one is not. Comedians are not happy till they are allowed to play Shakespeare. Seemingly contented wives and mothers cherish secret designs to acquire slinky gowns and vamp.

¶ "The whole world of men and women wants to be the opposite of what each is," might be the conclusion, "but the question arises: assuming that each could be such opposite, would he truly be happy or immediately aspire to quite something else?"

We must probe down into the roots of this matter as to what Happiness is—abstractly—to diagnose this ailment which seems well-nigh universal.

First, to the dictionary!

"Happiness," says Webster's, or maybe it's the Standard, both essentially agreeing on the subject, "is the state or quality of being happy: the pleasurable experience that springs from possession of goods or the gratification of desires."

¶ Happiness therefore, is the state or quality of obtaining the thing for which one secretly longs.

But immediately, surveying such designation, we are confronted by the quandary: Assuming that one secretly longs for a thing, or a series of things, what assurance has he that having procured or attained them, he would not immediately long for something else?

Does it mean that Happiness is the epitome of whatever, in any status or condition, is forthwith out of reach?

Take the proposition, turn it about, and seek for information from the person who is happy—or at least gives you the

impression of being happy.

What has he attained that the other man has not?



WE HAVE to go back to the underlying fundamental for all mortal life—

So-called men and women come into physical existence for a span of

solar years to proceed through a gamut of human experiencings. This gamut of human experiencings is sagaciously prescribed and artfully acknowledged. It has as its end and total the delivery of definite benefits into the character. To arrive at, or attain to, these benefits certain goals are set up, to reach and pass which are known as the Career.

¶ If the truth could be known, all desires, all ambitions, all wholesome aspirations, are birthed from such prescription, acknowledged entoto.

Very good, then!

In the exact ratio that the given person approximates those desires, ambitions, aspirings—or feels himself or herself on the way toward ultimate and satisfying attainment of them—he or she enjoys the only earthly rendition of that state known as Happiness!

If the man or woman came into life to be a great teacher or instructor, he or she is not happy so much from tacitly becoming such teacher or instructor as from realizing that the prescribed brevet or self-commission is being effectively carried out.

If a man or woman came into life to learn the lessons arising from dispensation of great wealth—or enjoyments of wealth through subsequent loss of it—he or she will find happiness in the concreting of money.

If one of the major chords in Life's harmony is to be struck by encountering and wedding one's cosmic complement, and gaining true spiritual profits from loving association with one's alter-self, happiness will be derived in greatest measure from the increments of a love affair that deliriously persists, ap-

proximating for human observation the high-octave camaraderie that has been responsible for the classical romances of antiquity ✎

Webster's or the Standard dictionary may have it right when either says that happiness is the pleasurable experience that springs from the gratification of desires, but Webster's or the Standard dictionary might go a step further and outline the reasons for desires in the first place ✎

We have desires to this or that, because somehow or other we recognize in gratification an enhancement or propelling movement toward the spiritual acquisitions we specified for ourselves as our motives for attempting a fresh life at all.

¶ No matter how purblind or vague the groping, or what subverted or even prostituted form our gropings may take, deep in the vaults of the prenatal consciousness the blueprints are hidden away, depicting the increment we are intent upon achieving.

It is because no one situation, no one spiritual, social, or material condition, can deliver such increment fully of itself, that the state known as Happiness seems to be elusive.

The increment wanted for the totality of life is compounded of many factors, though one dominant note may run through the whole of them. So we get happiness in this or that—temporarily—in certain sequences as we encounter them. But none of them are permanent for the simple reason that as soon as we have extracted the karmic or cosmic profit, we are voraciously eager to get on to the next.

The sum-total extractions, from all the sequences, give the life that is satisfactory and gratifying as the whole.

We say that this person or that person has lived a "happy" life.

We mean that the epitome of his experiencings and accomplishings has approximated the correct cosmic commissionings that brought him into existence to begin with.

He has made good to himself in most

of the prescribings that motivated his physical entrance and consistent worldly pursuits.

Adjudged on this basis, the question of Happiness resolves itself to this—

In your own case, if you consider yourself unhappy, can you analyze yourself in your prenatal prescriptions and arrive at a conscious and clarified understanding of what, in the final casting-up, you want this life to deliver to your ego? ✎

Determine that Basic Motif and happiness as Happiness may not be as elusive as it seems.



CONSIDERING a negative aspect of the problem for the moment to arrive at a positive, one of the most outstanding contributions to the so-called Happy

Life as it holds appeal for normal men and women, is the finding or supplying of the alter-complement in the progressing association. The average mortal phrases it: "Give me the right person to love me enough, and earth—for me—could hold no greater happiness!"

None of it is eroticism.

Such people are but giving expression to an overwhelming Call, not of physical nature so much as of spiritual essence ✎

It is far from being lascivious surfeit that such people grope after, so much as the well-rounded or perfectly-rendered vehicle by which to express themselves toward Cosmos or enjoy its reactions spiritually ✎

A person, man or woman, inexpertly—therefore inadequately—loved, is not alone a person badly out of cosmic balance but a person not fully capable of projecting or receiving the increments which one life, or a thousand, is expected to deliver to their characters.

¶ When, conversely, the correct and perfectly balanced mating is achieved—spiritually, mentally, and physically—a unit for mundane function is evolved with maximum capacities for exhaust-

ing life's roles of their last iota of experience-increment.

We say that happily-mated people live the richer lives.

Some literary philosophers put it that life's increments are always the more fecund when shared.

Always and forever we have to hark back to the two mighty fundamentals for the mundane experience: First, that spirit-souls come into the worldly arena as physically self-sufficient halves; second, that definite prenatal prescriptions have been arranged, serving as blueprints for such twin-sexed soul, adherence to which leads to ecstatic accomplishment ✱

What a far cry all of it is to the blind, hectic, bedeviling ignorance enshrouding the average man or woman in such matters, pushing them out into physical expressions without the slightest clue consciously as to why they may have essayed the life-brevet at all!

They blunder, stumble, and grope through earth's experiencings, yes. Admittedly they gain the increment. But they do so in a torn, thwarted, enforced acquiescence of heart and intellect in action, which too often damages them out of proportion to the profits.



THE CRYING need of the world today is not so much a new and novel economic plan by which wealth is distributed more equitably or leaders of radical thought held within more circumspect bounds. The crying need of the world today is for clinics for souls, wherein such things are authoritatively revealed and demonstrated.

The entire structure of human thought and thinking needs rebuilding.

First of all, men and women from the moment of earthly entrance should have their Eternal Selves reminded after the amnesia of birth that they have arrived in new fleshly vehicles and roles for a purpose that is blueprinted.

They have come into life anew to ex-

perience the rigors of a definite environment that it may deliver into their evolving characters the specific increments they need. There has been Chance in none of it. They have bargained for a specific Cook's Tour through a definite status of society that they may pass through certain terrain and witness profitable wonders.

They have done this in the masculine or feminine biological form as the case may be, that their aggressive or conserving compilation of attributes may have play and counterplay each upon the other, and each recognize the other for the segregation that it is.

This means that for every man or woman, physically rendered, there is somewhere in earth or cosmos the adequate spiritual mate and with such identified—and still better, embraced—the completed spiritual vehicle is at hand for gaining the increments from the sojourn to the fullest.

Secondly, all things and happenings which subsequently accrue, are always and forever in the nature of stipulations from the one master blueprint, guiding and directing the human soul-unit toward the specified accomplishment to make the sojourn productive of that which caused it to be undertaken at the start ✱

Nothing of consequence, in other words, happens in life by chance. All things are constructively motivated in line with the Major Attainment subconsciously recognized.

With these as the bases for all philosophic thought, the daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly involvements assume the aspects of mere educative sequences ✱

"I had this thing coming to me!" is the strong, sure, sustaining explanation for whatever arrives as life's drama unfolds. "If I had it coming to me, I had need of its increment. Before entering into life I must have prescribed that it should happen. The thing to do therefore, is to look for the increment and absorb it with adroitness."



THE EDITOR KICKS A CAT

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THIS morning I kicked a cat! ¶ It was not a gentle kick. I did not toy with the cat's person, moving it hither and yon in sportive ecstasy. Nor did I place my foot beneath it and hoist it from the earth's surface merely to see how the earth's surface behaved when relieved of one cat, or to find out how much truth is contained in the assertion that a cat thus kicked always lights upon its feet.

It was in no sense an experiment in physics or biology—what I did to the cat. I kicked it!

Now permit me to tell you that insofar as I am able to recall, it was the first time in nearly fifty years that I have ever gone to such a brutal extreme as to completely kick a cat.

The performance was so strange and new, so out of line with my usual treatment of anything that is small, walks on four feet, and is supposed to be dumb, that for the moment I paused with my right leg in air, so to speak, and stared blankly before me.

Exactly what had happened?

How had it all come about?

What calamitous crisis had taken place in my spirit that without the slightest hesitation, certainly without a minute's consideration for the cat itself, I had placed my leather-shod foot suddenly beneath its person and caused it to alter location within the fraction of a second?



AT the moment, of course, I believed I had cause for kicking the cat.

The cat had come down from the attic of the shed where it passed its hours of night, with tail straight in air and a general inclination to rub against my ankles while I made the coffee in an old country kitchen. I took this, naturally, as a gesture in compatibility.

The cat, like myself, was desirous of its breakfast. It walked four steps to the left—depositing its usual amount of yellow hair against my pant-leg—then turned and came back four steps to the right, leaving more hair. From time to time it discussed the situation with me in small squeaky noises supposed to be “plaintive” ¶

I started the day by having all the goodwill in the world toward the cat. I acknowledged that it found itself in a state of nocturnal debility like myself, that life before the morning's first cup of coffee was the mean trick of a disgruntled Creator to show off His power on a created product that couldn't do much about it. The cat, from first to last, was companion with me in a common predicament, and as such, I admit, should have been held as my comrade. I even spoke to it, and it answered me “plaintively,” going at once around to the back of my pant-legs and smearing a spot with hair that it had previously overlooked ¶

At this point, and while waiting for the said coffee to come to its boil, the situation became triangular.

That is to say, a woman entered it! ✿



THE woman was a young woman, a pretty woman—for should not all young women be referred to as pretty in the morning?—and in addition to being both young and pretty, was the cat's legal owner.

Be that as it may, she spoke to the cat. This was not before speaking to me, of course, for she had thus far shown herself as not lacking in comity.

As the coffee came nearly to a boil—for I flatter myself that as a coffee-maker I am in a class by myself—she sank before the cat, which had leaped upon a chair-seat, and spoke endearing words to it after the manner of her sex.

¶ And this thing happened:

The young, pretty, polite and affable woman stooped before her cat to give it a couple of smooths. But instead of showing the slightest affection for either her or myself, it made an ugly, hateful spleenish, and all-around churlish sound with ears flattened close to its head. It said in effect: "Keep your hands off me, you unpleasant person! When I want you to smooth me, I'll let you know! Besides, I'm not so keen about life as you think. This rural life is not what it's cracked up to be. Also, there are three or four other cats around here whose stream-lines I don't fancy."

All of which meant little or nothing to the female person who owned the cat and who had often tried to assure me that cats were far superior to dogs and irreproachable companions on general principle ✿

Now I had overheard the cat pass its baleful remark and in a manner of speaking I didn't like it. In the first place, I never did hold the female person's sentiments in regard to cats as a species. They were quite all right to kick from the divan to the fireplace,

and under sufficient provocation, back again. They can also be useful at catching mice or cockroaches—providing you are afflicted with either, and who in town is not?—and shedding hair on the garments of persons you don't like. But for a cat to turn about so obviously, after the "plaintive comaradie" it had shown two minutes before, and reveal its hypocrisy by snarling at kind words, made me want to readjust the cosmic balance and imbue the cat with a sense of nobility. Like a lot of professional reformers, I said, as male persons will who wish that the coffee would hurry up and reach the boiling point, "That's a beast of a cat!"



OF COURSE the Female Person bristled at this, although she did it in a young, pretty, polite and affable manner. She said "It's nothing of the sort. It's a dear, kind, sweet pussy! Aren't you, darling?" And she started to put her face quite close to the cat's sleek coat, the cat's coat being sleek because most of its excess hairs had found transfer to my pants legs.

Whereupon the cat, with ears flattened, lifted a red-hot paw and viciously clawed open its owner's lower lip! She uttered a little cry of pain, clapped her hand to her mouth, and straightened to her feet. Whereupon the cat, with the utmost decorum, straightened its tail vertically and approached an empty floor-dish to see what it could forage. ¶ I took a glance at the girl's bleeding lip and at the cat's insouciance. This insouciance more than the lady's distress, caused such an explosion of black hatred within me that it had to have expression. The cat, quite as much an individualist as any reptile, had repaid gentleness with loathing, kindness with suffering ✿

I strode across and clutched the viper-beast. I was not careful how or where I clutched it. I recall that I clutched it with force intentionally meant to dis-

tress it. It flattened its ears again as I bore it doorward. Its twenty red-hot claws tried to open all my arteries. Being dexterous, however, I parried this gesture and got it to the door—the door to the yard. I held the cat with one hand while I opened the door. Whereupon I dropped it, and as I dropped it I kicked it! I kicked it “on the wing,” so to speak—that is, before it landed as I found that cats do land, on all four feet *♪ ♪*

I followed the pattern of action recommended by high school or college boys in kicking a football. As you drop the ball, you deliver the kick. And all the factors in the equation being present, and the timing excellent, the cat behaved not unlike the football. The impact was achieved with a yowl from the cat and it described something of an arc in mid air. It landed six feet from the doorstone, scurried for a clump of briars, stopped before it reached them and deliberately scratched its ear with its left hind-paw.



NOW WHAT was behind all this? When I had restored my combative foot alongside the other foot where Nature meant it to be carried, I felt callow and silly. For the first time in my career, I had kicked a cat—kicked it with malice aforethought—kicked it to make it stay kicked for the rest of the day, regardless of whether or not it was my cat, or anybody's cat, or whether I was dignified in the kicking or adequate in the compensation meted out to the cat. And the cat had traveled fourteen feet, up-ended itself and showed my inconsequence by relieving an itch in the vicinity of an ear.

Had I felt that blind urge to inflict suffering on the cat because it had hurt a pretty young woman, or because it was so calloused to the feelings of others who had wished it well, or because I was a brute on principle? Had I later felt callow and silly because I had tried

to pay kind with kind and not succeeded, or because I needed the exercise and not found complete physical satisfaction, or because I was not the philosopher I had thought myself—or all three? *♪*

When one kicks a cat, or slaps a child, or goes after a recalcitrant fellow-human with a rock or a gun, what lies behind it? It is useless to talk about “getting satisfaction” out of such reaction. When the outburst is over, even when the “satisfaction” is achieved, it is rarely satisfaction and it rarely lasts. ¶ Why not?

Cats, dogs, animals, fellow humans, all forms of life not our own in the sense of being strictly personal to ourselves, are subjects for love—so Holy Writ teaches us and our parents adjure us—if they be good parents and know how to raise their young ones properly.

But we don't always love these lower creations; we often want to kick them. In fact, we do kick them—and the Band of Mercy takes out a police warrant against us, or a sheriff comes for us with a gun and handcuffs, and we go to jail or we don't go to jail according as we have a clever attorney.

But back of our recalcitrance—our general desire to even the balances somehow—a principle must be working out.

¶ We have known from olden time that there were other forms of life on earth, working out their destiny on the same earth-plane with us. Some of us grade these forms of life. We say, first we have the human, then we have the animal, then we have the insect, finally the inanimate. We feel a sense of elation that we are able so to reason. We feel a greater sense of elation that we as human beings—in our own estimation—stand at the top of the list of creation. We are “God-stuff” we say, and we talk about our souls as something that should be wrapped throughout existence in cotton or velvet and kept in a warm corner else we might perish and then not be the apex of creation at all.

Now I kicked the cat, I am led to believe, because there was a doubt in my mind that my species was the apex of created life!

This may seem a novel and perplexing explanation for a moment, but I think I can make it clear that I am right.



AM a man with two legs and two feet, and a head, and muscles for retaliating when I see anything that does not precisely please me, like a cat that claws a pretty young woman. But I am not alone in possessing these features. The beasts, even that bothersome feline that I hoisted on the point of my boot, have these attributes also. But I am different in this: that I have a mind able to make a certain decision as to whether or not it is possible to get a desired result from using my physical members combatively. I know that I have that Mind and that it works. But I see evidence of other creatures also possessing a certain amount of reasoning powers—for instance, in the matter of that cat deciding that it didn't want kind words, it wanted chopped steak or a bit of fish—and I am cast down. Superfluous to say that I am cast down because I am conceited.

I want to be supreme in my own domain. If I have assured myself that I am the noblest work of God, I want it proven in daily event. I don't want, and won't have, a cat telling me before my coffee is cooked in the morning, that it possesses quite as clever reasoning powers, and an equal amount of will in using them, as I who have told my fellow creatures and my gods that I am quite the slickest thing that has yet appeared on this planet.

Cats are creatures of intellect, quite as much as ourselves. So are dogs, rabbits, pigs—any species you want to use in the instance. They appear on earth in physical form, to work out their own salvation exactly as I am working out mine. Sometimes they claw me to get

such expression. And I, considering myself foolishly the Lord of Creation, look upon them as menials and inferiors. I raise my boot and a cat rises with it, or I bash a dog and he runs yelping to cover. As a rule I do not hoist rabbits and pigs promiscuously about with my footwear. Frankly, I have never yet kicked a pig, although I imagine the sensation might be pleasant. I once had a pig escape from its pen, run around a ten-acre lot and hide in an outhouse beneath the flooring where it dared me in grunts to come in and pull it out to where I could wreck my conceits upon it. I certainly did want to kick that pig. I would have kicked it from hades to breakfast without the slightest adjuration to be kind to dumb animals. Indeed, if I had thought of the adjuration while kicking the pig, I am sure I would have belabored it the harder: such is human nature. But the pig was nearer to the apex of creation than I. That is to say, he showed the more brains by squatting beneath the flooring and saying in effect: "Now that I've proven I can outwit, outrun, and outmaneuver you—you who say that God holds you just a little lower than the angels!—come on in here and see if you can extricate me." I am certain that pig would have said "extricate."

But getting back to this business of venting spleen on all those orders of creation, and some humans, who displease and outwit us: just what we are gaining when we "up and at 'em?"



IMPLY this: we are seeking to prove our own special and exclusive compatibility and similarity to Divine Providence. And the beasts won't have it.

We may tether them, drive them, cut their throats and eat their bodies. All the same, deep down in each animal consciousness is the God-Thought: "I'm just as good as you are, and have quite as much right to exist on this

planet. Take your dirty hands off me, or I'll snap, or claw, or kick you in the face" ✿

So we use diplomacy. That is to say, we cajole them by the process known as "training" them. We capitulate to circumstance and make ourselves serfs to their conceits. We bargain and haggle and coax and squirm—all to prove that we are truly the Lords of Creation. And if the beast finds that he can't escape, or it suits his fancy to be so cajoled, or if there are carrots or sugar or hospitalities of other sorts, to be derived from submitting, he makes a temporary bargain with us. He will perform for us only during our reasonably good behavior. But go too far and the hooked claw, or the impounded hoof, is ready and waiting to gash us open and splatter us ruinously. If you don't believe it, try and drive your horse too far, or frighten him by your antics meant to be divine or which you think to be divine in your own self-esteem. He runs away, or kicks his stall to kindling-wood, or knocks down a couple of yards of back-fence ✿



HE pig that I "cornered" beneath the flooring, wasn't trying to play any game. I had outraged his sense of Pigdom. I had done something to him which his dignity and well-being as a pig, didn't fancy. So he bolted. And I, being essentially divine, chased him full-tilt around a ten-acre lot. Having run both of us out of breath, and scratched our persons and talked in expletives—the pig quite as much as I—he ran to cover under a flooring and cuddled there triumphantly. And I stood outside in my majesty and said to myself: "So I'm Lord of Creation, am I? And I can't catch a pig! Three cheers for my power. Six cheers for my conceit!" And I proceeded to render those cheers in the form of a desire to commit an atrocity upon the pig's person.

And so with this cat of the current morning. I came down from slumber triumphant in my own esteem. The cat came to meet me. We spoke to each other something like this—

"Good morning, Cat."

"Good morning, Human-being."

"How are you feeling this morning, Cat?" ✿

"Rotten, thank you! Where do you keep the chopped steak—or I'd even relish a bit of fish?"

I didn't answer the cat on this score. I was thinking of my coffee, how it would gratify me, exactly as the cat was considering his steak—or bit of fish, if the household had a bit of fish. So the cat drew my attention by physical contact. It brushed against my legs.

"I spoke to you," it reminded me.

"Where's my steak, or perhaps my bit of fish?"

"I'm thinking of my coffee," I answered it. "Don't talk steak or fish to me. Why should I be interested in your food before I've had my own? Don't you realize I'm Lord of Creation?"

"Applesauce!" said the Cat. "Who ever said you were Lord of Creation? I want my steak and if I don't get it I intend to have action."

No reply by me.

"Steak! Fish!" the Cat warned me.

At this moment came in the young, pretty, polite and affable Female Person ✿

"Oh, Kitty!" said she, by way of good-morning.

"Horsefeathers!" the Cat retorted. "I've just been remarking to this Male Nit-Wit that I've got a hollow in me as big as himself. The only thing that will fill it is steak or fish—and either must be chopped——"

"Don't you love me?" the Female Person asked.

"Sure, I love you," the Cat responded. "But why bring that up this early in the day? Give me steak—or fish—and I'll be quite as affectionate as either of you wish."

"Oh, Kitty, you heartless thing!" said

its owner. And she squatted to caress it. "Suffering Moses!" cried the Cat. "Will you let me alone till I've filled my stomach?"

"No," said the fair young Thing, "first you've got to give me a kiss."

"I'll be a litter of kittens if I will!" cried the Cat, "and if you don't accredit me with the same feelings and reactions to life that you and this Big Bozo are suffering, I'll open up your lip!"

Whereupon the Female Person thrust down her mouth to see if the Cat meant business. The cat did mean business and having given the Female Person what she had asked for, hoisted its tail and went over to see if it had overlooked any of last night's chopped steak 🐾



THEN what happened? I allowed the cat no rights at all. I said: "It is an evil cat and ought to be disciplined. Being divine in my own domain, I will therefore proceed to give it such discipline" 🐾

And the cat, not exactly figuring out what it was all about, felt itself lifted and borne in the direction of the door. It didn't want to go through the door. Its mind was still on meat—or fish. But the door opened and the wide open spaces came forward to meet it. At the same time, a certain amount of physical shock administered to its person and the cat traveled forward a short distance until it remembered that it was a cat by a vicious bite of a flea near its ear. Obviously it stopped to get rid of the flea. And I, being the arbiter of life on this well-known planet, went back to a table where I sat down maddened because my mind held doubts of my divinity.

The cat, I suppose, thought no more about me. At least it went on about its business. In a manner of speaking I had rather done it a good turn by opening the door and booting it forth. It could now forage for a particularly juicy field mouse, or catch an erring

birdlet, whereas heretofore it had to tolerate my person in a kitchen that was barren 🐾



WHERE does all this lead us? To a realization of the fact, if we be truly Lords of Creation, that Life as Life is a thing unto itself in each instance, and that no species of it, human or otherwise, has any license to set itself up over another species and say: "Behold me, please. You see in me the Works! Bow down and worship me. Give me respectful treatment or I'll boot you through the kitchen door—or cut your throat"—or any of the other things that human beings sometimes resort to, to prove their lordship.

People like dogs better than cats, they say. The dog is "more affectionate" . . . meaning, of course, that the dog is more puzzled than the cat over these contentions of Overlordship on the part of the human species. The dog can be more vicious than the cat, tearing your throat from your neck, biting and giving you tetanus, if it once makes up its mind it has been a fool and that the human species is not worth its obeisance. And yet, I say, people are more willing to take their chances of being found out in their banality by dogs than by cats.

The cat is a curious species of life, that has no duplicate in all the animal world. The cat has attributes which other animal species do not. First among these is its clear perception.

You can't fool a cat like you can fool a horse or a dog. It sees through you at once, and the motive behind your behavior. If you want to play, it will sometimes play with you—if you are both in the mood. But it always does so in the full recognition that it is play, whereas the dog will keep on and on after you have long since gotten over your desire for it and cuffed it for its energy 🐾

By the same token, the cat knows in-

stantly when it is being imposed upon. And no amount of cajoling or maneuvering will get it to do what its own perception tells it that it need not do. It is for this reason, and this reason only, that the average person "doesn't like cats" . . . for the same reason that a certain kind of man can't put up with a clever woman.


Hence the interesting question arises: isn't it more or less a catering to our individuality that gives what is mistakenly known as Love?

We love the dog because he seems to pander to our vanity. He doesn't really do it, of course. He is simply dumber than other species of animals, like the cat and the pig. He can't make us out, and he translates his puzzle into terms of propitiation: licking our hands, jumping upon us, asking for information about ourselves and moods. This tickles our vanity, that out of the run of created species we have found a creation that we can fool.


It all harks back to this matter of Who Is Superior?




I was a brutal kick that I gave this morning's cat and I had no right to administer it. This is far from sentimentality. I am genuinely sorry, not for the cat so much as for myself.

I made a dolt of myself to myself, in that I permitted myself to lord it over another species when no one has ever given me such a right. Of course it claims in Genesis that God gave man "dominion" over the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and every creeping thing upon the earth. That's what Genesis says. But in practice what do we find? 

We have physical power, and perhaps mental cleverness, to find out ways to exterminate these forms of life that don't kotow to our vanities. But when it comes down to brass tacks in daily event, how much domain do we have over a hawk if our hands lack a gun?

How much domain do we have over the fish of the sea if they don't want to come up and swallow our hooks? How much domain do we have over any creeping thing, if there is no Flit handy or if there is a way open for the creeping thing to creep away from us with speed. What a travesty on symbolic preachment! 

We are all of us prone, from day to day to kick cats, chase pigs around ten-acre lots and butcher them because they hide beneath barn basements. Most of us are trying every minute of the day to "Put something over" on some other form of life, fellow human or animal. And in the same degree that we succeed, we seem to consider ourselves like God and omnipotent.

Well, for all that, I kicked a cat this morning 

On the whole, the sensation was pleasant while it lasted. But it didn't last long enough.

Besides, the evil little beast stopped midway of the yard and gave a flea more attention than myself.



SOME men consider that a thing is settled when they have arisen and made a speech about it. Those who forego the speech-making are labeled Dangerous Persons.



PEOPLE are not liked for their personal preferences half so much as for their self-deceptions in the interests of keeping tranquillity in all neighborhoods so that most neighbors can make a lot of money.



EVEN an itch to boss the neighbors ceases to be an itch after a time and becomes a hard scratch. After the novelty wears off, saving the world becomes as fatiguing as any other kind of work.



HOW TO GAIN FIRST INKLINGS OF YOUR TRUE LIFE ERRAND




WHEN a person stands ready to be convinced that—despite all surface turmoil—he is living a most artfully charted life, his natural reaction is to ask: “Then how does one determine what his Life Chart consists of?”

To say that each and every person has plotted his life-course—at least in principal features—before entering into his body, remains in the status of hypothesis and conjecture unless the character of this life-course be known. The normal man or woman remarks: “It would make me only too happy to become assured that I am by no means going through this hectic turmoil of existence by chance, accident, or rule of thumb, but what truly interests me is to be given some knowledge, reasonable and authoritative, that indicates what major purpose I’m serving by living the tumults of this present incarnation. Show me why I’ve come into life in the present instance, and give me a cue as to the character of the role I’m supposed to play, and I’ll begin to feel that order is being proposed in the previous chaos that has seemed to compose my life.”

It is one thing to suggest to a man that he has come to earth to fill a definite and forecasted role, and quite another to get him to believe it unless you indicate how its nature may be determined. Not one person in ten thousand encounters the experience of the

Lifted Memory to such a degree of clearness or correctness that he recalls what his Life Pact consists of, from the moment of making it. It is equally rare, and as apt to be mischievous, to rely for such information on the utterings of soothsayers, mediums, and even clairaudient persons, for however accurate their talents in performance, there is truly no way of checking and double-checking the information.

No, it is not commonly of these that such intelligence is obtained but out of the exercise or exhibit of Natural Vibration as it is catalogued or symbolized in Numbers 



O the average person, or utter ignoramus in the higher esoteric sciences, the digits One to Nine are merely figures that have “just happened” in the category of human affairs. The dumbest savage knows that 1 stands for the single unit, that 2 represents two single units, that the digit 3 indicates three single units and as often in the human sense the product of two single units, and so on up to Nine. It never occurs to him, any more than to the man in the street of America in the year 1938, that these digits may be depictions of indications of Vibration of which the whole universe is composed, that their significances are positive, and that the science of Mathematics is the one science that

permits of no errors of exhibit or interpretation ✠

It startles the amateur researcher to discover that the science of Numerology has come down to us from the remotest antiquity and in five thousand years of recorded history has not undergone a change that could be measured by the thickness of a hair.

Astrology may or may not be authentic. Certainly it must rely to a great degree on the interpretations of the astrologist. But Numerology is the Science of Cosmic Mathematics and is positive and unchangeable from cycle to cycle.

So then, to its application:

The first great fundamental beneath the phenomenon of the Charted Life is the significance of the time at which one is born. Human beings by no means pop into life hit-or-miss, at any careless moment that a baby's body is organically ready to take up its existence apart from the body of its mother. There is a principle underlying the event of birth in every human instance.

Premature babies, so-called, often make their appearance and survive, for no other reason than that the numerology of the soul en housed may later be correct as the earthly career is lived. Given mothers may be sterile over periods of months or years, then for no apparent reason outwardly, conception takes place. The person untutored in esoterics has no explanation for such irregularities in fecundity. Again he imagines that such things "just happen." But perchance—again—actual conception that results in the advent of a new human being upon the earth-plane, comes about that the Numerology of the en housed spirit may work out correctly ✠

The average mother is delivered of her baby in 286 days after the closing of her womb. But the time of actual delivery may be any one of nine days after this span of time is run, so that the en housed soul may be identified after its cosmic vibration.



THE TESTING of such cosmic mathematics has been in process since remotest antiquity and found to be irrefutably accurate in every instance. Fifty to a hundred generations of researchers could not all be in error about such matters, or permit themselves to be "sold" on a faulty hypothesis. Persons born in a year that adds crosswise to a given digit, and in one of the twelve months within the year, and on any one of the 30 or 31 days within the month, will be found to express in their careers definite and dependable characteristics in their roles. Persons whose "birth-paths" are similar, by virtue of the additions of the digits totaling the same figures, will be found to exhibit the same performings in their life roles. Esoteric adepts therefore, by being given the accurate year and month and day in which a given subject was born, can tell with uncanny accuracy what type of purpose is being served by the coming of that specific soul into life.

To illustrate for the benefit of those who are hearing of this science for the first time, suppose that a man has been born on the 15th of April in the year 1879. Adding the figures in this birth-date crosswise, we find that the year 1879 adds to 25, which again added crosswise reduces to the number 7. His year-number therefore was 7. April is the fourth month of the year, so to the 7 we add the 4, giving us 11. The 15th day of the months adds crosswise to 6. So we make the total additions of the 6 to the 11 and get 17, which again and finally added crosswise adds to 8.

That person, we say in Numerology, has an Eight Birth-Path. His life-classification as to role will partake of the significances of the Digit 8.

Knowing from antiquity what 8 means, or expresses, or signifies as a digit, we can say that his first inklings of why he came into life—and to serve what general and elemental purposes by his life

role—are obtainable by taking note of his Birth-Path.

In other words, the sum-total of his or her birth-path, designates for all general purposes what his or her life-errand fundamentally consists of, or was meant to express.



OF COURSE, Numerology is not altogether so simple as this. Books as thick as the Bible have been compiled over the ages, probing deeper and ever more trenchantly into the significances and profundities of numbers. What we are concerned in, for the present moment, is conveying the rudiments of the process by which the novice may have suggested to him what sort of life-role he came into earthly existence to enact. ¶ It is pertinent to say that his name has its numerological significance, indicating as well his cosmic attainments, and inner and outer "expression." And even the birth-path number has its more accurate significances within itself which, when worked out understandingly by an expert, will reveal to almost a necromantic degree of specification, just how he classifies even within his numerological group and what essential features and experiences his career will undoubtedly comprise.

To sketch a rude chart at present for the aid of those confused souls who may be wondering what the Main Business is, that originally brought them into life, we say that even as all the numbers from One to Eight ultimately add to 36, which in turn adds to the final digit of 9, so we break down the completed cycle digit of 9 into its three divisions, or cycles, to get our fundamental classifications.

Incidentally, there is not space in this dissertation for the explanation of "why" these practices are so performed. Whole series of explanatory papers will be necessary to furnish logical testimony to prove the "why" of such operations. Again, we are merely inter-

ested here in ascertaining what the general life-purpose is, that is being served—or where the given person classifies so that the nature of his life-course may become roughly known to him.

We break down the totality of 9 into three divisions and we get—

First, the Physical Cycle of 1, 2, and 3.

Second, the Mental Cycle of 4, 5, and 6.

Third, the Spiritual Cycle of 7, 8, and 9.

¶ Now here is the queer part: the digits in each of these three cycles, Physical, Mental, and Spiritual, will each be found to have similar or corresponding meaning within the cycles that contains them. That is to say, One will have the same significance as Four and Seven. Two will have the same significance as Five and Eight. Three will have the same significance as Six and Nine. These corresponding significances, however, will each have a different sort of expression within the octave where they fall. They will evince the same characteristics, but such characteristics will be qualified as to exercise by the nature of the octave, whether it be the physical, mental, or spiritual.

Perhaps this can better be expounded by a description of the fundamental characteristics of the digits as Vibratory Symbols.



FIRST OFF, we have the Physical Cycle or Octave. This does not signify the carnal. It denotes the Octaves of Action or one's life-relationship to materials. Next, we have the realm of Mental Activity—more or less of an esoteric arena, or pertaining of things concerned with the creative arts or reasoning mind. Lastly we have the Spiritual Octave. But bear in mind that Spiritual in this sense does not mean religious, nor even metaphysical. It means that arena of performance distinguished by its permanent and eternal characteristics.

The first octave deals with things classified as material and worldly Action;

the second octave deals with all things classified as creative Mind; the third deals with all things classified as Eternal Verities, or the items and features of conscious existence that are permanent and enduring from generation to generation instead of being passing and transient and peculiar to the generation in which one lives.

Every person ever born, or yet to be born, has been or will be en housed in a physical body to operate specifically throughout his life-career in one of these three octaves.

Which octave it is, is indicated or cued by the totality of the birth-date!

A person whose birth-date cross adds to an ultimate figure of One, Two, or Three, will be found expressing himself most confidently and adroitly within the Octave of Action.

A person whose birth-date cross adds to an ultimate figure of Four, Five, or Six, will be found expressing himself most confidently and adroitly within the Octave of Creative Mentality.

A person whose birth-date cross adds to an ultimate figure of Seven, Eight, or Nine, will be found expressing himself most confidently and adroitly within the Octave of some activity having to do with an exhibition of the Eternal Verities and spiritual aspects of life.

Putting it in another way, if a person finds that his birth-date adds to one, two, or three, he is thereby being informed that the main characteristic of his current life-role concerns itself with materialistic Action.

He will be—as we say—an Actionist in his expressions toward society. He will do his best work, and find himself happiest, in all those pursuits that allow him to register his personality in a consummate and relentless Activity, physically or materially expressed. He will want to DO things, instead of merely plot them or philosophize upon them or make patterns of ideals concerning them.

If a person finds that his birth-date adds

to a Four, Five, or Six, he will discover that his life savors no less of action, but it will be interpretive action—the type of action that has to do with pursuits of mind, intellect, the reasoning powers. He will, in the greatest measure, find his greatest joy in planning for others to execute in terms of action. Intellect will dominate his career. He may tell himself with safety that he has come into existence to deliver himself of mental postulates as his contribution toward society.

If a person finds that his birth-date adds to Seven, Eight, or Nine, he will be most concerned—by a sort of instinct—with those life values or performings that have to do with the eternal soul in its general cosmic career and differentiated from the operations in any specific cycle. We consider things to be Spiritual, remember, when they have to do, not with God or religion, but with the permanent and enduring values in Cosmos as counterposed to life's immediate and mundane profitings.



THE FIRST step, therefore, in determining what the true nature of the Life-Course is, is to find out whether one has basically entered earthly existence to operate within the Octave of Action, the Octave of Intellect, or the Octave of Spirit's Performings in regard to the earthly and worldly circumstance.

This first classification having been determined—as to whether one is a born actionist, a performer in intellect, or an exerciser in the eternal spiritual values—the next step is, of course, to find out what the definite role is within one's fundamental octave.

This is the first of a series of papers on the significance and importance of Numerology in the study of Cosmic Vibration and the Charted Life. The next will appear in an early issue—EDITOR.



HAVE YOU A PERSON IN YOUR LIFE WHOM YOU SMOTHER?

THE MORNING paper recounts the strange story of a woman in a western state who tried to bring suit for divorce in the name of her daughter, against her daughter's husband. Both husband and wife went upon the stand and told the story of their marital troubles. Instead of a decision dissolving the marriage, the judge called the girl's mother before the bar.

"I sentence you to thirty days in the work-house for interfering in the lives of this man and woman," he told her sternly. "Furthermore, you are to execute a bond that you will speak to neither of them for a five-year period or I'll make your sentence a year instead of a month."

The reporters were gleeful that at last a proverbial mother-in-law had met her just desserts. The flabbergasted woman tearfully pleaded that she had only been acting with her daughter's good at heart.

"If your daughter has been old enough to marry, she's old enough to run her life," the magistrate pronounced, "without assistance from you. Will you execute the bond or not?"

Behind the incident lies more than the ordinary castigation of parental interference in the lives of grown children. Viewed from the cosmic or karmic standpoint, what process is at work that the parents of a boy or girl refuse to re-

linquish jurisdiction after their maturity is arrived at?

Why is it that some people cannot seem to get along without the privilege of supervising the lives of other people, making their decisions for them, giving them gratuitous advice, and generally striving to manage careers other than their own?

Other people than parents indulge themselves in such behavior. In every business group may be found the one who naturally insists that his desires be respected and his eccentricities executed. In every neighborhood is the petty despot always on hand with unsolicited counsel as to what should be done in this or that situation.

"Now if I were you—" is the boresome statement with which he opens his harangue.

Generally, in normal people, it works the same reaction that distinguished the reply of the drunken loafer to the fussy spinster when she upbraided him for looking upon the wine when it was red and letting it sting him like a serpent and bite him like an adder.

"If you were my husband," declared the spinster, "I'd give you poison."

"Madam," said the sot, "if I were your husband and you gave me poison, believe me, I'd take it!"

What ails such people, prenatally considered, that they embrace such prerogatives? Are they striving to pay off debts of karma? Do they desire to live

the lives of others vicariously? Or are they finding their means of complete self-expression by extending their discriminations to take in others than themselves? ❧ ❧



IN the case of the parent that cannot relinquish control of children's careers and acknowledge that the babes they first taught to walk may at last be able to walk completely from their lives, we have the curious phenomenon of an inadequacy in the parent-soul refusing to relinquish a petty tyranny that has given it a brief fling at authority for which it has been in no wise fitted by the evolution of its spiritual development ❧

Invariably when we discover a mother "mittening onto" a son or daughter, continuing to make decisions for them after they are grown, insisting that such children shall conduct their careers after the reflexes and inhibitions of the parent, making "scenes" and "putting on acts" if their counsel be flouted, we are witnessing the exhibit of a "younger" soul striving to demonstrate the extent of its accomplishments to the "older" soul or souls so victimized.

Such a smother-parent is saying in effect: "Yes, I know that you have had more earth-lives than I, that you have developed yourself more adroitly and facilely. But I too have had a bit of development, please notice, and I desire to show you how it stacks up with your own. I know that under other circumstances—if we were again in realms of free spirit—you probably wouldn't pay me much attention. You would say that my development was all very fine, pat me on the head, and dismiss me with condescension. Now that this sojourn in physical life has put me in a situation where you may no longer pat me on the head and dismiss me without society visiting its displeasure on you for parental disrespect, I mean to make the most of my opportunities and see that

this domestic situation gives me an acclaim that I would otherwise be denied. Prepare yourself, therefore, to be bossed. I shall continue to boss you so long as you stand for it. By thus bossing you, I am continually checking on myself and comparing my cosmic development with yours. I have you, in other words, precisely where I want you for once and I shall use social condemnation to obtain attention for myself in situations which you cannot ignore."



THE SOUL that "smothers" another soul, that refuses to allow it to exercise its individuality, that seeks to suppress and supervise it, is forever marking itself out as a spirit that is lacking in knowledge of correct application of life's fundamentals.

Such a soul, whether in the physical body of earthly mother and father, or in the role of office or neighborhood know-it-all, is never exactly certain as to how it classifies in temperamental accomplishments and attributes against those amid whom it resides.

Always it seeks to prove its development to itself, to cover up its failings with a show of authoritative bombast, to exert an influence by no means warranted from its achievements to date, that it may gain to a self-confidence which it is pathetically lacking.

Such souls, of course, are popularly termed conceited.

The conceited man or woman, the bombastic braggart, the egotistical loud-mouth who is forever telling how he would run the nation, the state, the city, or the neighborhood if but presented with the chance, all these are but persons who in their earth-lives of the moment have not become convinced that the purposes for which they first came into life—or into many lives—have been correctly fulfilled. What they truly are bidding for, is assurance from others that their sorry estimates of themselves—to themselves—are not wholly what

they feel them to be in their moments of esoteric contemplation.

"I'm making a sweet mess of things," says such a soul to itself, "but maybe if I call sufficient attention to myself, or make up in brag what I lack in merit, I'll impress my associates with my importance sufficiently to 'get by' and retain their respect."

Such a one does quite the opposite, of course, and uniformly earns naught but their pity or contempt. He covers his deficiencies with noise, desperately hoping by such distraction that his spiritual sterility will not be noticed.

In carrying such bombast or conceit into the role of smothering parent, we have, however, a slightly different aspect of the problem.



FATHERS and mothers are not necessarily unkind when they insist that children shall behave after a generally-approved pattern of social conduct. That goes without saying. Such education is for society's good. Nor is it always undue solicitation for their offspring in later years—that such offspring shall show the positive fruits of attempted earlier training—that makes over-solicitous parents extend their authority to supervision of maturer lives.

Such parents have made blunders from time to time—pitiable blunders—in working out the effects of their own karma, acquiring new, or fulfilling the brevets that propelled them into life. They want to recover on those blunders. They want to feel that their children are small replicas of themselves.

Unwarrantedly, they make the assumption that the lives of their offspring are their own lives in repetition. They fancy that their children have the same karma to work out that they have had to work out and failed in. They want to retract, to go back, to make a second try at unsnarling their own complications.

So they proceed to dominate.

Knowing little, if anything, of the true nature of each individual soul in its relationships to other souls, determined that their children "shall not suffer what they have been called upon to suffer," they continue to give orders after their own eccentricities.

Of course, such behavior aborts two, three, five, ten lives, instead of the original and parental one. Such children are confused, bewildered, be-deviled, resentful, unable to get their own social cues and start their lives properly. Inhibited by social dictates impressed into their current personalities while young, they execute a filiality that is as mistaken as it is mischievous.



SUCH parents have a double brevet to execute in succeeding lives, though they may not always know it. If, because of their eccentric dictates or selfish inhibitions, it so happens that the mischiefs done are permanent, those parents will find themselves born back into succeeding lives as the offspring of such damaged children who will treat with them severely.

Such "wrongs" are forever adjusted in kind.

Again and again we witness cases of children "bossed" around the clock, slapped, intimidated, bulldozed, generally abused, made to fetch and carry at parental whim all out of proportion to the dictates of obedience normally expected from growing young.

What we are witnessing here is an "open-and-shut" case of the dominated, misled, and generally smothered youngster from a previous incarnation, adjusting the karmic balances as they exist between the two.

In the first instance, the older soul was denied its normal expression at the caprice of the younger soul that chanced then to be the parent. No abuse necessarily was in it. It was a clear case of

the younger soul wanting to get its fling at authority.

But if such immature behavior took forms that made of earthly life a mockery, denied the older soul the wholesome enhancements that come with an awakened and perfected individuality in an adult, and generally tried to make the older soul scrape and bow to the younger, then the latter will have a fine devil's brew to taste when in lives succeeding the situation becomes reversed.

¶ In nine times out of ten, we are told, the dominating younger spirit will have its case settled by an exhibit of outraged human justice that may even descend to an animal brutality.



SOMETIMES the karma is paid in a relationship that takes other forms than parent toward a child.

¶ A young woman in the current life-span became engaged to marry one of those lads locally designated as "tied to mama's apronstrings." . . .

They loved each other dearly and sought eagerly to marry. But the boy in the case had been brought up from infancy to render implicit obedience to a dominating mother who made all his decisions and vigorously dictated his comings and goings.

Suddenly the lad's mother, from fixations of her own, made up her mind that the girl in the case was not acceptable as daughter-in-law. At once she "put her foot down." . . .

The subverted and not a little terrified lad, full of maternal reflexes, tearfully told the girl that the marriage could not take place.

Disgusted over his lack of stamina and masculine self-assertion to live his own life, the girl moved elsewhere and married another.

She did not truly love this second man and could scarcely have explained just why she married him.

Suddenly in an interlude of frantic grief at her blunder, came one of those

strange illuminations from Prenatal Memory. The memory-veil seemed lifted for an instant.

In a previous career, she had been the type of mother, guilty of such maternal folly. She had held her sons to her, made their decisions for them, insisted that they "respect" her without much cause for such respect, and appealed falsely to their filialty when she saw her hold upon them slipping.

Peculiarly enough, in that Illumination it seemed revealed to the young woman that the lad she had lost, and the fellow she had married, had been each of them her sons in that previous incarnation.

¶ What she had suffered at the hands of her former fiancé's dominating mother had been but the retribution from her own similar deportment. In the present life she chose to accept that she had to pay off that karma by suffering herself to be the victim of the second woman's "smothering." . . .



THE QUESTION arises:

Would it not be known to such souls, entering the roles of children to such parents, precisely the natures of the parents thus selected? If, knowing the parental propensities toward such smotherings, they still chose deliberately to take up occupancy in the freshly-born bodies of such offspring, could the parents be held guilty for exhibiting their weaknesses?

¶ The answer should be plain.

Either there is karma to be paid in kind, or this thing happens—

Legion are the souls that enter life to mentor a weaker fellow-spirit by being "strong children" to weak or vacillating parents. We have the biblical adjuration that oftentimes the "child is father to the man." . . .

This type of teaching of parents by the reactions of their older and more poised offspring being in educative propinquity to them, is so commonly recognized in cosmos that it excites small comment. Many a weak father has been shamed

and made strong by the sterling virtues exhibited in a son. Many an erring or vacillating mother has been kept true to her brevet by the spiritual tutoring of a poised and "sensible" daughter.

The varieties assumed by such relationships are too numerous to count.

Of the whole strange business, however, this conclusion is irrefutable—

The greatest immorality recognized by—and in—the Higher Octaves, is the unhallowed business of doing anything to a soul, even in the overzealous desire to be of service, that subverts or influences in the frailest degree its right to live its own career and adjust its own karma after the pattern of its character.

¶ The old-fashioned orthodoxy has had it that children were "created" by their parents, that they are the "property" of

such parents till maturity effects emancipation ¶

When the realization becomes general that there truly is no such thing as a "child" except in the physical significance, we may have a holier viewpoint toward all intimate relationships.

All souls in a given dispensation like the present are approximately of the same cosmic age. Birth, and earthly life, and death, are but changes of fashion in physical raiment.

The "smothering" of one set of souls by another set of souls is true spiritual prostitution ¶

All such wrongs must be righted.

Such righting may be cruel, yet the blessing from it is, that all ultimately profit! ¶



¶ REALITIES ¶

THANK God for favors of silence. No dog ever says: "I told you so!"



HEROISM is to see the world as it is. Cowardice is to look at it and refuse to see it.



THE EVIL which men do lives after them. The good is often inferred by their loans.



LOVE may make the world go 'round but it takes a stuffed club to make the world go square.



THE ONE and only thing in all the universe which we are allowed complete control over at all times, is ourselves!

THE HAIRS of our heads may be numbered but precious little consolation it gives us to know it after we've lost all the numbers.



LIFE is like riding backward in a train; one can see backward and to either side, but not ahead. Metaphysics is the business of going up into the locomotive cab and riding with the engineer.



THE Bible implies again and again concerning these Last Days that "the harvest is plenteous but the laborers are few." Looking abroad at America under present jurisdictions we should write the words: "The laborers are plenteous but the harvest is phew!"



THE MONTH'S GOLDEN MESSAGE: "Always Take Action!"



Y Dearly Beloved: Come to me, beloved, and take strength: I speak unto you of many men of many manners:

2 Let it be known among you that a time cometh shortly when it transcendeth sense to know whereof the battle rageth; it cometh unto man that he is cast down in utter darkness and there is none to raise him.

3 I say they speak falsely who do thus advise him.

4 Man of this hour is content with his lot, even of suffering, else would he rise up and smite the Smiter of his Destinies.

5 He loveth penury, and want, and starvation, saying: These are my lot, and when the day cometh that they depart from me, then shall I know surcease and return to my labors chastened.

6 I say, beloved, that it is an abomination unto me that man so thinketh of his destiny;

7 Behold, he hath a temper to grind with the enemy; he hath a lechery to overcome; he hath a basket to fill with goodly fruits which he plucketh of his own accord from the Father's Garden of Mercy and Justice;

8 He hath a destiny to complete that cometh not of suffering, only as suffering ennobleth him when he is no longer able to bear it.

9 Now I tell you, beloved, he is able to bear it: he taketh it into his bosom as a maiden taketh her lover, asking that he shall woo her and give her pleasure.

10 It behooveth man to partake of that

which is of moment to his soul: it behooveth him to know that he standeth or falleth by his own intentions toward his brethren, goodly or wickedly.

11 He cometh and goeth in fortune, I tell you, and is raised or cast down, but ever he asketh of himself: Why, if these be woes, do I hug them to my bosom and give them entrance to my hearthstone?

12 I tell you he knoweth not goodness, beloved; he knoweth not calmness; he eateth not the goodly fruits of a goodly tree; he taketh his own desires only to be the fruits of that tree, not acting with the sense which the Father hath bestowed on him.

13 He hath no desire in his heart for righteousness and chargeth me with falsehood unto him, in that I have deserted him when he hath need of me most.

14 Perish the thought, beloved, that I do desert my sheep when they have need of me. They call and I answer. I come to them constantly.

15 But men who love lechery, and make their beds with vileness and suffering, say: There is no clean bed for us, thus do we recline where night hath caught us.

16 They are not to be classed with those who have the brand of wisdom on their foreheads.

17 There are those who must suffer to know the reality of eternal blessings, and no power in the heaven, or in the earth beneath heaven, giveth them a lasting blessing or a lasting surcease

from their strivings or their rantings.

18 I say unto you, beloved, that the time cometh when men shall foregather together to be led of the evil one;

19 Men shall declare between themselves: The Lord of Righteousness and Justice hath shut his face away from us, therefore do we enlist under him who protecteth us with the height of his treasure-bags and the sword of his wrath against the pestilence that stalketh, although made by himself.

20 Hear me, beloved: it behooveth you to know these things and be prepared for them.

21 It cometh unto me that ye who enlist not beneath the protection of the evil one, have been evilly spoken of by those who do a lechery against my sheep.

22 I say it is not pleasing unto me that ye be evilly spoken of, even by the Beast.

23 But rise up and smite him as I give you license: give him a battle as I show you arms: take unto yourselves phalanxes of friends, and go and perform righteously in a goodly contest.

24 Leave no stone unturned to do this thing, and presently ye shall see that the tide turneth, and the enemy fleeth, before the ranks of my chosen ones.

25 There are those among you who I have committed of old to a policy of leadership. But in your leadership be pure. Eschew evil. Make no vauntings.

26 Always take action!

27 Let the inscribings of mine husbandmen be concerned with great issues; let them make no pretense of hollow strivings;

28 I say unto each of them: Open the fountains of your spirit and let the ennobling waters of a pure information and truth gush forth that shall confound the enemy and put him to disobedience among himself and his eunuchs.

29 Take heed that ye do no alms before men of a nature which causeth them to say: It is meet that we support these shepherds in that they perceive the truth and tell it with acclaim; may-

hap they tell us secrets that enrich us in purse and scrip.

30 I say, lead them not for profit of their purses, neither for their manners whether they be lean or full, but lead them for righteousness' sake among the nations.

31 Give to every man a full measure of confidence who cometh unto you declaring: I am sent to you of my conscience, I come before you asking alms of a spiritual nature, that ye do show me whereof I may serve and make myself of value in the kingly one's household.

32 Give him your hand, give him your heart, share with him your treasure, but restrain yourselves if ye do hear him remark among the brethren: It is the only way to save my body from the evil one's reckonings.

33 Go ye forth, not minding where ye go excepting that I direct it: go ye forth calmly and with vigor, knowing that I who have preserved you to the present put it into your hearts to move at my commandment, that ye may escape the snare of the fowler, yea even his gun that blighteth with attackings that rob you of your bodies.

34 Go ye forth unto the nation and speak with many men; be unto them as a shield and a buckler; move from place unto place as I give the instructings.

35 Now it cometh to pass that an evil man shall rise up and say: These are those who do stand in the way of my conquest, these are those I wouldst slay that my will may be manifest.

36 Harken, harken, beloved! it is of report to me that a great blindness descendeth upon the nation as this man stalketh amongst humankind. He cometh swiftly, verily he cometh suddenly, and without a warning to the nations.

37 When he cometh, say between yourselves: It behooveth us that we go not out to meet this man, for presently he falleth; lo, by his own defilements is he dethroned from his power;

38 He taketh an evil glove and giveth an evil hand; behold he shall feel the sting of the adder in the glove, and his

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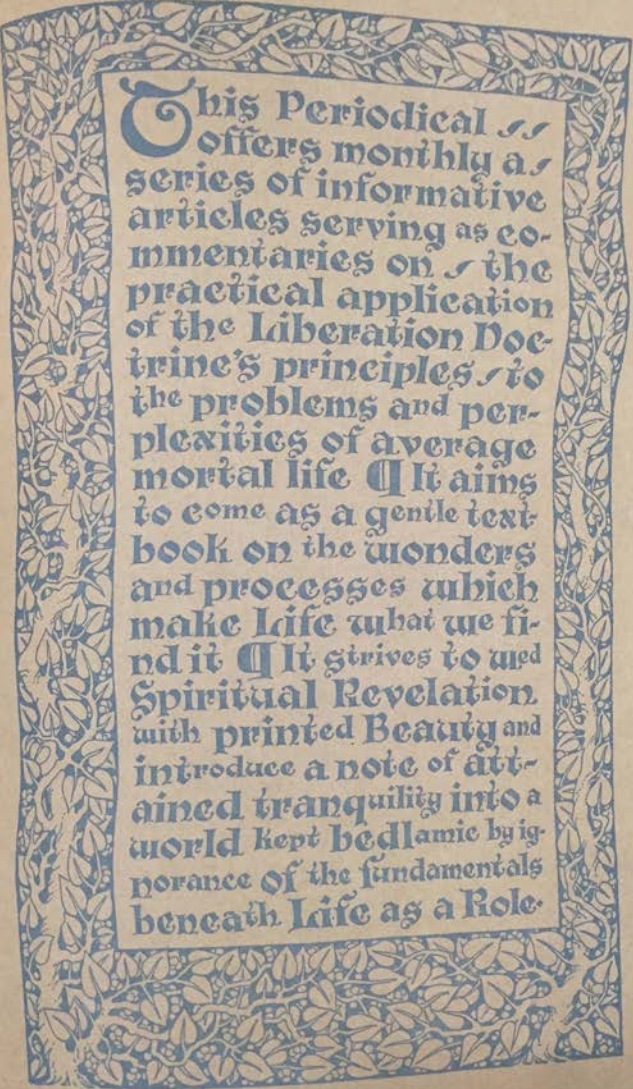
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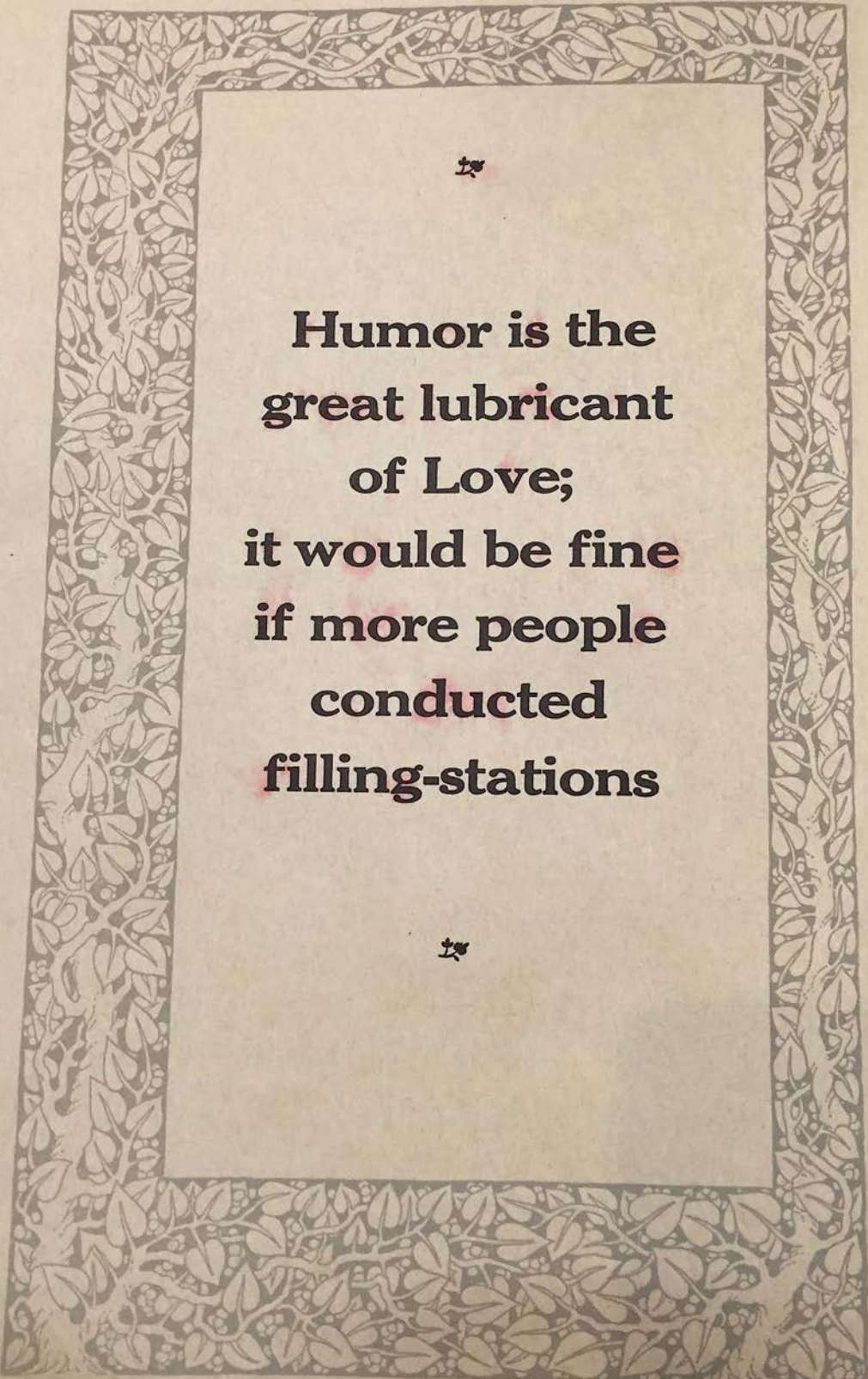
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✠

**Humor is the
great lubricant
of Love;
it would be fine
if more people
conducted
filling-stations**

✠



THE Rubaiyat WHITE LOTUS that features the July issue of *Reality Magazine* was written in its first draft by Mr. Pelley in New York City in 1926. For four years he worked over its seventy-three verses, but refused to publish them despite the persuadings of his literary intimates. When he embarked on the Galahad College project, he stored all his manuscripts accumulated at that time from a literary career covering approximately twenty years. In June of this year, in the work of sorting out these manuscripts for ultimate publication, WHITE LOTUS came to hand. Reading it after a six-year lapse of time, its author realized its peculiar fitness for publication in *Reality*, owing to the idealty of the soul-complement theme which it presents. Together with the work of final polishing which was done upon it recently, this Rubaiyat has required a period of nearly thirteen years to write.

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